



SAVOIR FAIRE

SPRING

2012

Want to be a part of Bossier Parish Community College's *Savoir Faire*? Come join the staff!

LITR 101 is held every semester, and students need to have passed with a "C" in English 101 to be in the class. It is on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12:30-1:45. Scholarships are possible based on application and trial period and will be based on the student's writing ability and work ethic. The student also needs to have a 2.0 grade point average and be a full time student. The class involves creation of a bi-annual literary magazine which represents literary and visual artists at BPCC, advertisement and distribution.

Contact us at savoirfaire@bpcc.edu for further information.





ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Savoir Faire Staff would like to thank everyone who participated in the production of this magazine. Staff and students alike sacrificed many hours, and the outcome is something that we are extremely proud of. We believe that this is one of our best productions ever.

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PRESSURED

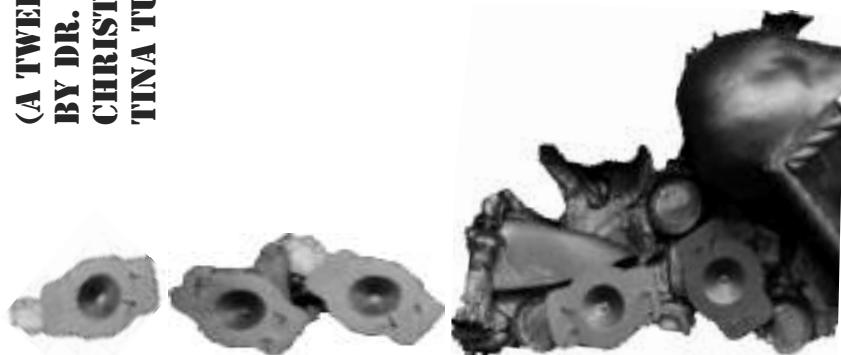
(A TWELVE YEAR OLD'S REPLY INSPIRED

BY DR. SEUSS)

CHRISTINE JAMES, APRIL COLE, AND

TINA TUCKER

I will not, shall not start at home.
I could not, would not use a gnome.
I wish, I wish to be left alone,
or I will slap you with my phone.
The empty spray can left behind,
like a pile of bones for one to find.
Inhaling turns you to a drone,
and makes you look just like a crone.
I am not, cannot be a saint,
but my body I will not taint.
I will not, cannot in my room,
not smell the fume, or cause my doom.
I do not want to sniff this paint.
I will not, cannot, no I ain't.



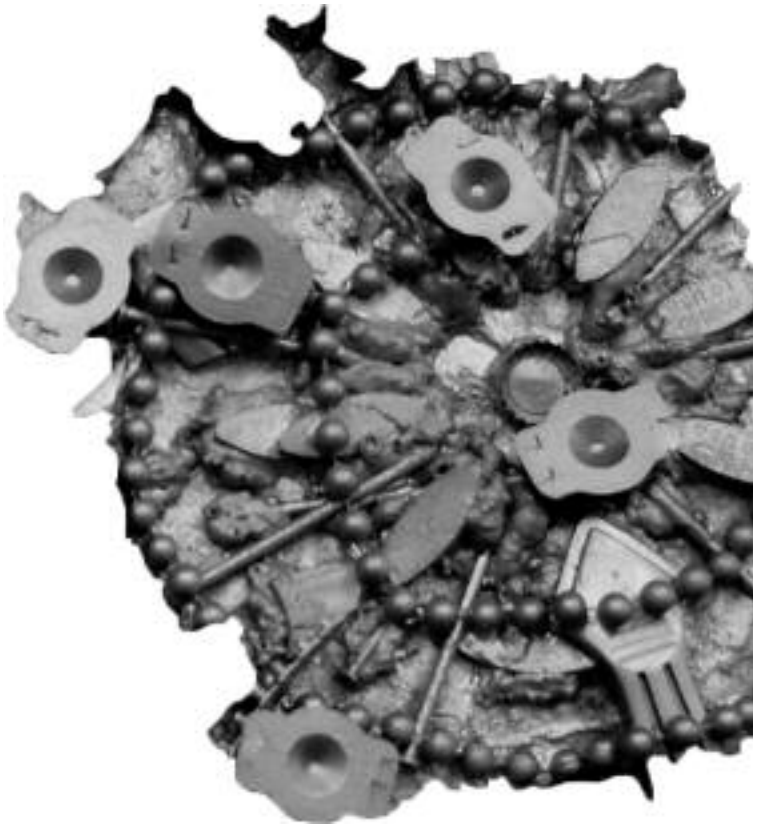




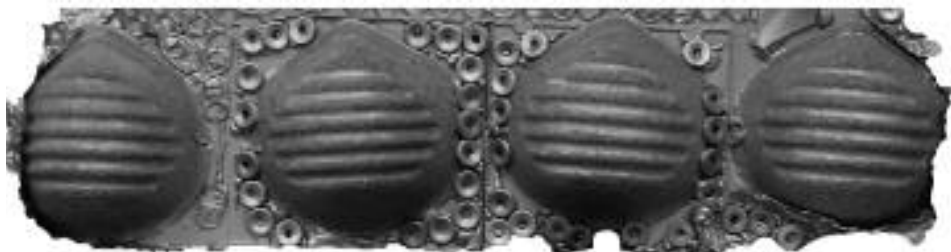
IT'S OURS....

ASHLEY BRUCE

Is it our star that shines so brightly?
Is it our dreams we hold to tightly?
Is it our minds we lost and let stray?
Is it our hopes that were taken away?
What is it you see when you think of me?
What I once was, or who I could be?







NATISHA FISK A

His golden gaze steadily rested upon her aged silver hair that hung loosely about the chair which faced the open window. He knew she stared blankly out into the court yard below. How long had it been since he had last made contact with her? Years to her own physical form but to him it had only been days, or felt as so. He wished to approach her as he had so long ago in a small empty bar miles from here; a night which haunted his own existence. He had often checked in on her without her knowledge, but never dared make another appearance within her sight. He never thought he would have a need to be nervous about something, but yet he was anxious about facing the woman he knew so long ago for a short time.

With silent steps he closed the distance between them from where he had stood in the old mahogany door way and soon found himself directly behind her. With a slow gesture his hand soon placed upon her limp shoulder, which sagged in a tired manner. Willing his unused vocal cords to release the sounds needed for a conversation, he finally spoke to her. "Cathriona?" He near held his breath hoping for a response from the elderly woman before him. After a few moments though, she looked up to him, and he instantly recognized the green eyes which matched the most clearest of seas. He traced the features of her face without touching her and could near count the wrinkles, which lined her once flawless skin. He then watched the corners of her mouth tug up as a light smile came to grace her aged looks that one could almost phantom existed upon this elderly woman.

"You kept your promise..." He still heard the gentle smoothness of her voice as she answered him in return. He exhaled

F I N A L D A N C E

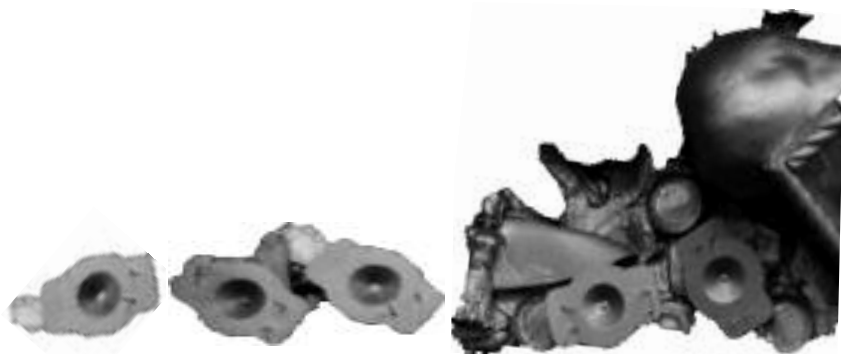
slowly as his eyebrow rose to her in a puzzled gesture, as if he couldn't comprehend her doubting his word. "I said I would." He found himself staring outside as she had been doing before he disturbed her line of thought. "I was starting to wonder...if I would ever see the 'man' I fell in love with so long ago again." He gave a heavy sigh and broke all contact with her as his hands moved round to his back and clasped there together. "You never married when you should have. You could have been happier then what you lead your life to be." He swore he heard a light giggle escape her rigid form but wasn't sure. "How could I marry someone I did not love? How could I marry to a man, that when I looked at him I did not see his face, but a face which belonged to a man who really did not exist and to which I never learned his name?" He looked to her once more as his head shook lightly in resignation about the subject. He had no answer for her; he never would. One dance they had shared, one kiss, and it turned both their worlds upside down, and it was never mended.

"I have come back to you for more than just a casual visit; I think you know that." He watched her nod soberly as her gaze moved was once more to being outside. "I thought as much; one does not appear again after fifty years just to ask how are you doing? So what are you doing here, looking exactly as you did, half a century ago?" He reached down with a swift hand and snatched her own with quick fingers. "I've come for a final dance." He tugged her form up and gently against his own as he easily balanced her figure. "Pardon me sir, but I do not think you realize I am no longer that girl you met so long ago." He shook his head lightly at her smug remark before speaking. "My perception hasn't faltered, although if I stare at you much longer it might start doing so for your looks are so harsh on my sensitive eye sight." He teased cruelly before he heard her give a gruff 'humph' as he could not help the light chuckle which crossed his lips before quickly putting her at arm's length and sent her into a rapid spiraling spin which forced her eyes to close in dizziness.

With sudden ease he watched as the sparse room that had been tinted white faded away before him and became dimly lit by candles which burned lowly within the now glazed wooden room. His arm quickly snaked about her waist and pulled her form back to his own. He watched as her eyes fluttered open once more in an unfocused manner before they brightened with anger and she spoke. "Are you out of your mind? I am no spring chicken you fool, are you trying to finish off an old lady?" He watched amusingly as her words seethed out between her teeth, and her gaze then quickly shifted to her hands which rested on his clothed upper torso. He once again got the pleasure of seeing how quickly this woman could switch emotions; going

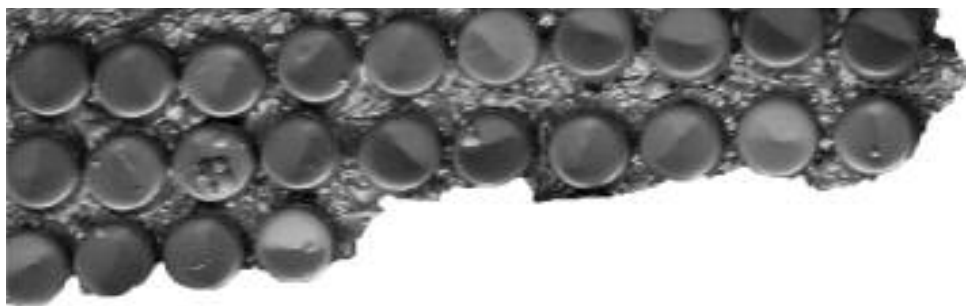
from anger to surprise in a moment always perplexed him on how she did it. “What did you...?” He chuckled once more at his stuttering companion and brought her hand up to his lips and laid a light kiss to the renewed unwrinkled flesh which now lost the fifty years which had been gained.

“Dance with me Cathriona?” He examined her as her brow scrunched together in wonder and a bewildered expression, but yet followed his lead as an unseen source of music began to echo within the tightly confined room. He guided their bodies easily to the rhythm, and they began to move as one before she soon realized it had been the same tune which had played the night they had met. Time to him seemed to slow but then again, it could be slowing if that is what he desired from it, but he knew he could not prolong it forever. He took her about the room in a similar pattern that he had remembered from that night. The music though soon faded out as their song ended, and the room once more turned into her familiar surroundings. He met her gaze as she had once again aged before his eyes as he heard her ask something unexpected. “Am I still beautiful to you stranger?” He tugged her close into an embrace he could never see himself giving to another. “For eternity will always be.” He felt her weight rest against him, and her eyes closed for the last time, but he could not help to lean close to her ear and ask softly, “Did you enjoy your final dance?” He heard a muffled “Yes...” in reply, but her form then grew still, and she was gone from him. He closed his eyes and cradled her a long moment before he wielded his own departure knowing it was time for their final meeting to end, for his promise was kept to her that he would meet her again. It was not his fault that it would be he to bring her death with him, for he was death itself.









THE MIND OF A PHOTOGRAPHER

LIDIA LEE

Eyes like a shutter,
A mind like a lens
Capturing all that's within
Memories to hold
Love that's told,
To have and to hold
Photography is bold.





Copy of Degas's Blue Dancers Alice Johnstone

Pain's Embrace Brian Milligan
Winner of the Savoir Faire Artist's Award





A LUMINOUS FIGURE

ERIN HARRIS



As I climbed my way up
A luminous figure appeared
Sensing my vulnerability it started to feed.
So hungry and inhumane it was
Never seeming to have a care in the world
Needing no one and nothing
It even told me about Jesus
Surely this luminous figure
Cannot be dangerous
And still it fed
As I climbed getting closer to my goal
Head in the clouds
My problems a million miles away
Down on Earth
I smiled freely, laughed gaily
And even giggled
Never have I felt so free
As I climbed higher almost touching my goal
I started to feel something
Something was amiss
This just couldn't be right
I'm near goal can see it in plain sight
My goals, hopes, and dream right there
A whisper away
Just a few more baby steps away
And the luminous figure was there
Every step of the way
So high I was-couldn't see the luminous figure
Constantly chopping and degrading me

Never noticed the fang sharpness of his teeth
Tearing into my self esteem
So high was I
Mistook them for love bites
Yes it stings, but isn't it cute
The luminous figure never seem to ever
Need or want anything
Always had Jesus on his lip
The luminous figure peeled those thick sensual lips back
And sneered a jack o lantern smile
And fed off my vulnerability
Savoring every bite
Then the feeling came back; this could be right
The luminous figure needs no one
Especially me
But maybe my climb to the top is making him hungry for me
So naïve even a dunce could see
That the luminous figure just fed off of me
Savoring my vulnerability
So blind was I such easy prey
I wore vulnerability like eau de toilette spray
The luminous figure had no choice but to play
So close I was to my hopes and dreams
Then the figure took his final bite out of me
Feeling so full and well fed
The luminous figure declared me for dead
It didn't know I had a praying grandmother
It would behoove him to find out how well I knew Jesus
The luminous figured me for dead
Never realizing my vulnerability was my coat of armor
My smiles and giggles were my helmet of protection
The luminous figure didn't know why my heart had already belonged to
Jesus
And with every bite the luminous figure took
Fed him alive with guilt
Taking a little bit of breath from his lungs
Every insult he spit at me
Now the luminous figure is gasping for breath
As I climb to my hope, dreams, and goals only a whisper away.



INNER BATTLE

JESS INGRAM

This struggle is a story
I anticipate to tell
So, listen up my fellow people
Hear me tell it well
Let the caged bird sing
It's burning lust for freedom
Can you relate to the emotion?
Write it down and read 'em
I don't quite know who I am
Just who I want to be
Spread my wings; Take to the sky
God, I just want to be free
They say the grass is greener on the other side
But that's the type of cliché that's taking over life
We have a massive appetite for the finer things
Big house, nice clothes and, a big diamond ring
But is that important?
Maybe...maybe not
What's your point of living?
Do you know? Or have you forgot?
Striving for a middle ground
What a waste of time
I want to find my place
I'm about to lose my mind
Wish I could blend in; Fade between the cracks
All subtlety is lost, and I am under attack
This battle's far from over, but why should I complain
Thanks for making life a little less mundane



Did I let you down or live to expectation
Gotta burning passion and decent education
You say that I think differently
Have a stellar intuition
But in my heart and mind
It's more like the Spanish Inquisition
If I am ever lost or ever feeling lonely
Come find me because fear is but the only
Thing inside
That sways my pride
Tells me I will fail
But though that voice is very small, it still gives me hell
I'm wandering not lost
Searching this endless void
Failure is not an option
Success is the only choice







AN EXPEDITED DESCENT DOWN A MOUNTAIN

Winner of the Savoir Faire Writer's Award

JUSTIN GREEN

It was a late summer afternoon in Arkansas when I learned a harsh lesson in gravity. My mother had asked me if I wanted to accompany her on a camping trip to Arkansas with some of her friends from work. Being a child of the era before video games and internet, I was very much an outdoors type of person, so I agreed to go. The trip was fairly uneventful, the same things a person experiences on every camping trip, picnic tables loaded with bread and hot dog buns and condiments, transistor radios blaring, barely able to distinguish between two stations on the same frequency mingled with static, and the smell of mosquito repellent thick in the air everywhere I went.

I quickly bored of the middle aged women talking about work and their experiences with their husbands and began to look for things to occupy my time. While down at the creek, wading in the fresh, cool, melted snow, I met two other boys my age and we hit it off quite well. I soon learned that they too were sons of one of my mother's co-workers. Apparently, we all had been dragged into the same working-mother-getaway hell. So the three of us decided that we would see what there was to do in this place since the moms were too busy gossiping about work to go have any fun.

We spent half a day or so just looking around at the creek until one of us had the bright idea to go up one of the mountains. Now keep in mind, this was in the Ozark mountains, not the Rockies, so mountains were just extremely high, steep, hills, but big enough to be considered a mountain nonetheless. About halfway up the winding trail that seemed to zig zag back and forth so much that I quickly lost my bearings, I made the remark about there must be a better way to get up and down this thing. That was the seed of an idea that should never have been sown.

When we reached the top of the mountain, I found out that it actually had a name. "Window Glass Mountain" it was called because from this view, I could stand in a weather eroded cave like outcropping and stare out at the scenery as though you were looking out of a window. The scenery was quite breathtaking. Looking down at birds soaring over the trees, feeling the constant cool breeze buffeting my face and the bright sunshine on my skin that was untempered by the shades of trees, I realized that this was what camping was supposed to be about, not hotdogs and mosquito repellent. It was the closest to heaven I had ever been.

Once we three decided to go back to camp and eat, that nagging little thought in my brain came back to taunt me. "There has to be a better way to get up and down this thing." I thought to myself, "This is no way to run a mountain; there needs to be straight shot down for people who are in a hurry. What if someone really needed to use the restroom?" Well, that's when the most beautiful scenic vista I had ever experienced was followed by the stupidest decision I had ever made. I decided to run.

I told the other two boys, "I'll meet you at the bottom. I'm ready to eat." I decided to jog instead of walk. As the grade increased, the jog escalated into a sprint. I realized my feet were no longer under my control, I could not stop, nor could I slow my pace. Running full speed by now, I see a sharp bend in the trail ahead. So sharp I doubt I can make it. While I tried in a vain attempt to decide how to negotiate the sharp turn, my decision was made for me. It became quite clear that a sharp turn was impossible at this rate of speed. Through the woods and down an even steeper slope, I ran. Picking up more speed now, I could have sworn I heard a sonic boom behind me. I could feel the brambles and the tree branches scraping my face and arms-Afraid to try to stop because I knew that if I did, I would surely tumble. At least this way I was upright with a neck that was not broken.

As comical as my appearance must have seemed to all the woodland creatures watching my descent, screaming wildly, arms flailing, running now at the speed of light, all I could think of was how terrified I was. I became desperate. I thought to myself, "Just pick a tree, Justin. Pick a tree and grab it." That was another monumentally bad idea. What was a sprint now became the most violent version of a sadistic pinball game ever played. After spotting a good sized tree small enough for me to wrap my arms around, I aimed for it. Closing in, getting ready for that crucial moment to grab the tree. Contact, I hit the tree, but I missed my grab on the trunk. I bounced off the tree and right into another tree, amazingly enough, still on my feet and traveling down still at a monstrous rate.

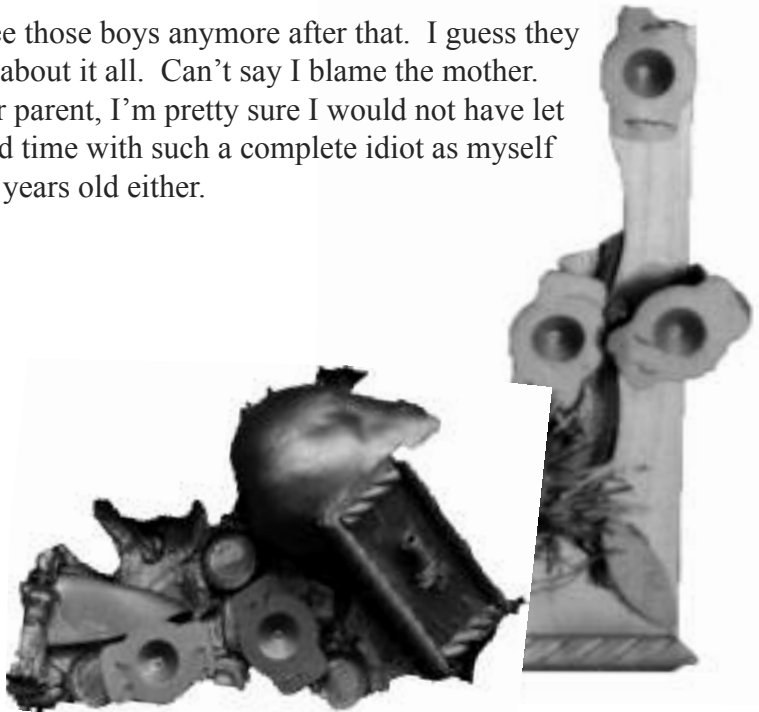
Still running, still panicking and now hurting from face planting a

tree, I begin to seek other options of deceleration. Then, like a gift from above, there was a split rail wooden fence in front of me. Closing in fast, I thought surely this will stop me, surely running into a fence will not hurt anymore than the tree. I wish I could say if it did or not; all I know is that I did not slow one bit as I bust straight through it like Wile E Coyote on the Saturday morning cartoons.

Finally, the one thing that slowed me down was a root. That root must have known what was happening because it was as if it just reached up and grabbed my foot and tripped me. Down I went landing square on my hip. Tumbling, rolling, flipping, through brush and weeds and small saplings. I must have sounded like an army of Sasquatch on the move.

Then sunlight hits my face. Fresh air and familiar sounds assaulted my senses and something quite uncomfortable was underneath me. The positioning could not have been more perfect. I rolled down the hill, out of the brush and straight into my campsite, knocking over my own tent. I lay there for at least twenty minutes thanking God for sparing me and making sure I was indeed alive. Once I was able to stand, I realized I looked like a wildman, clothes ripped to shreds, bruised, beaten, scratched and bloody. I quickly found a change of clothes for fear that my mother would scold me for doing something so monumentally stupid. When I finally cleaned myself up and found my mother, she never even knew what we had done, nor did I tell her.

I didn't see those boys anymore after that. I guess they told their mother about it all. Can't say I blame the mother. If I had been their parent, I'm pretty sure I would not have let my children spend time with such a complete idiot as myself when I was eight years old either.





Copy of Cézanne's Green Apples Alfonso Vaca

THE OFFICER

CHRISTINE JAMES



One Halloween night, I was working as a telephone operator of a pizza joint. The rain was falling like a tsunami outside the front window. Pick up orders were coming in slowly. Because of the rain, deliveries were fast and coming. I kept the orders steady and on the move while the torrent of water flowed outside. By six o'clock that evening, I was ready to leave, but I had two more hours to go. I answered my next call, and as the man spoke, I felt trepidation crawl down my back. His voice sparked a sense of fear in me I had never felt before. The pure evilness in the tone could scare the devil himself. Suddenly a horrendous thunderclap was sound, and lightning struck somewhere near. The entire store was in complete darkness, and the last delivery guy had just walked out. So here I was trying to find a flashlight with America's #1 Psycho on the phone. I pretended for a moment that everything was okay, and I was not going to do a horrible death tonight. The caller on the phone wanted to know if I was still there, and everything in me said run to your car. But I guess the little voice in my head didn't scream loud enough because I gave a reply that I was still there. He gave a menacing chuckle that warned me of the dire things to come. Then a noise from the store room had me put the phone down silently mid-chuckle. I knew everyone was gone but myself. So the noise could only mean one thing. AN INTRUDER. I did what any other red-blooded American would have done. I ran for the door as fast I could. The rain was falling so hard that I could barely see my hand in front of my face. But I ran to my car and dug in my pockets for my keys. And as I stuck the key in the door and everything went black.

When I finally awakened, I was soaked to the bone with a police officer standing over me. He was telling me I tried to steal his cop car. Apparently he was near when he got a call that a woman was being attacked and screaming like a banshee. He came through the back because the door was left opened which of course was the noise I heard. I told him I was fine and that

I was just spooked because of the rain. He said okay and left. Thinking about how stupid I was to have an officer come to help me, I decided to send him a gift of coffee and donuts. I walked into the station with my tokens in hand and asked for the officer in question. The desk sergeant looked at me questioningly and told me to wait one second. Another gentleman came out and asked me how I knew of the officer. I informed him of all the incidents that happened the night before. I went further to explain that the coffee and donuts were an apology for my stupidity. He just looked at me strangely, and then the craziest thing happened. The officer was killed in the line of duty three years ago while catching a sadistic serial killer. Yet the kicker was that the killer's victims were all young women whom he would catch at work alone. After that day I decided to work the morning shift thereafter.





MEET THE ARTISTS

Alfonso Vaca started expressing himself creatively at twelve years old. His inspiration is Rembrandt. Failure is his pet peeve, which would explain his determination to achieve his dream to be a fine artist.

Morgan Phillips's creative expression began in middle school. She has never had a job she hated. Her most embarrassing moment is when she fell off stage after performing.

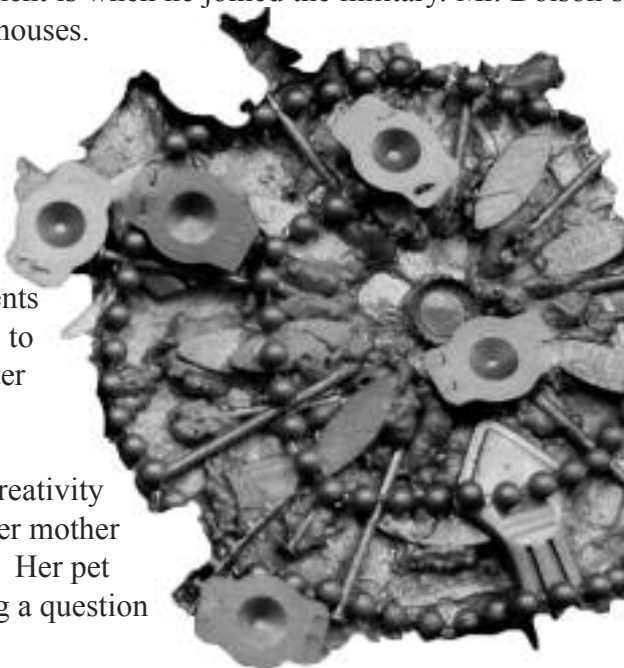
Nina Murray started her creative expression as soon as she could talk and write. All types of art and artistry inspire Ms. Murray. Her unusual talent is being awkward for no reason at all. Her dream is to work in anything that allows artistic expression.

Janelle Cobbs states that her life changing moment was coming to college. Her dream job is to one day own a company while the worst job she ever had was working in a clothing store.

Michael Dolson has been creative since birth. He lists his dad as his inspiration. Laziness is his pet peeve. His dream job is racing motorcycles, and his life changing moment is when he joined the military. Mr. Dolson's unusual talent is building houses.

Will Anderson's pet peeve is being called talented. He began his creative journey at a very young age. He has too many embarrassing moments to name. His dream job is to be an independent computer game developer.

Sha'Lun Nicholson's creativity began at four years old. Her mother inspires her in her artistry. Her pet peeve is someone avoiding a question asked.



Brian Milligan started expressing himself creatively when he was about four or five years old. His biggest pet peeve is clutter.

Jess Ingram's dream job is to be a National Geographic photographer or to be a voice actor for animated films and video games. She also has an irrational fear of pizza delivery men.

Jasmine Love has expressed herself creatively since she was little. Her most embarrassing moment was when she slipped and fell into a ditch. She has an irrational fear of doll heads, and her biggest pet peeve is when people click their pens..... click .. click.. click.

Erin Harris started expressing herself creatively when she was in third grade and first started writing poetry. Maya Angelou inspires her to write. Also, the worst job she has ever had was McDonald's.

Ashley Bruce's most inspirational person is her mother. Her biggest pet peeve is ignorant people. She started expressing herself creatively when she was eight years old. Her dream job is to write novels.

Christine James is most inspired by her family. She started expressing herself creatively during the sixth grade. Her dream job is to become a pilot, but she is afraid of heights.

Natisha Fisk's pet peeve is writing in blue. She is inspired most by her family. Her dream job is being an herbalist. The most life changing decision she has ever made is to start different fields of art.

Justin Green is mostly inspired by his wife because she is a wonderful poet and singer. His most embarrassing moment was when he ripped the rear of his blue jeans out while working on the side of the highway. He is good at staring contests and thumb wrestling.

Lidia Lee's inspiration comes from her mother and her cousin Myranda. Her pet peeve is rude people, and her dream job is photography. Along with writing, Lidia loves cheering.

Timothy Kirby says that each of his family members inspire him in different ways, and he loves climbing mountains, especially reaching the top for the first time. His dream job is being a singer/songwriter.



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